ISRAEL's REFORMATION.

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Juvenal.

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WHen the Children of *Israel* did what they wou'd,
Not crampt with dull Notions of Evil or Good,
But liv'd at their Liberty, curb'd by no Law,
No *King* to controul 'em, or keep 'em in Awe;
Then blest were the People with Plenty and Peace,
Till their wavering Minds took a Surfeit of ease;
For Humour, like blood, in a high State of Health,
Grows disorderly hot, and enflameth it self.
The *Hebrews* were always a murmuring Rout,
A giddy-brain'd Race ever veering about;
What with eager Desires one day they pursu'd,
The next they despis'd, and more heartily loath'd;
Like the *Frogs* in the Fable, a King they would have,
For the sake of a Change, they would *Slavery* crave.

Many *Monarchs* of different Tempers they had;
Now blest with a Good, next oppress with a bad:

K. Cha. 2.

But long were they rul'd by a *Monarch*, did hate
The troublesome Cares and Affairs of the State:
Ægyptian Delights his Affections did please,
He dissolv'd all his Senses in Riot and Ease;
His Will was his Law, and his Pleasure his Guide,
A *Slave* to his Lust, without Power or Pride:
He by his Example made them go astray,
Tho' stubborn, yet in Ill they their *Rulers* obey.
Then *Sodom* was guiltless, compar'd to the Land,
For who was in Fashion, was sure to be damn'd;
But nothing that's mortal can ever remain,
A Period is put to his Life and his Reign.

K. James 2.

Now *Israelites* Hope, since this *Monarch* is dead,
That the Vices and Customs of *Egypt* are fled;
And the next *Prince's* Virtue so far may extend,
His Example may teach all the Bad to amend:
They're in a Mistake, tho' they've chang'd their Condition,
'Tis worse and worse still, to a damn'd *Superstition*;
For he curst Idolatry strove to recal,
Building Altars and Temples to *Moloch* and *Baal*:
But Heaven to shew how that People he lov'd,
In Pity look'd down, and those Mischiefs remov'd.

And sent 'em a *Hero*, who eas'd all their Care; K. Wm 3.
And made 'em more happy than ever they were;
His Person did venture, of Dangers partake,
Despis'd any Hazards that were for their Sake;
War's frightful Alarms, he commanded to cease,
And through the Realm scatter'd Plenty and Peace.
Just so, when bellowing Winds roar'd out aloud;
And dismal Tempests shook the affrighted Croud;
When hardy Sailors trembled at the Storm,
Fearless of death, yet fear'd in this Form;
The mounting Waves our Blessed *Saviour* layd,
A Calm commanded, and the Winds obey'd.

The *Sanhedrim* for the great Blessing was sent,
Vote their Thanks to the *Lord* with a mutual Consent;
And the Land to reform they resolve in a trice,
With *Statutes* and *Laws* to give Battle to *Vice*.
To encounter with *Satan* their Fore-fathers thought,
'Twas enough if *Gods Doctrine* was faithfully taught,
For *Moses* against him no otherwise fought:
But *Senate* profound, by Experience did find,
That *Scripture Divine* had small Force on the Mind,
And that *Others* no more, than *Themselves* it did bind:

To tell you the Truth, 'twas no Wonder at all,
That their *Faith* and *Religion* were dwindled ſo ſmall;
For how ſhould a Stranger walk in the right Way,
When the Guide he relies on is wandred aſtray,
Who conſiders how looſely the Teachers did ride,
Can't blame the poor Learners for ſlipping aſide;
The *Levite* on Sabboth 'gainſt Drinking would rail,
And on the next day to his Text would turn tayl.

3. A Gleek of their Teachers whoſe *Pockets* were ſtor'd,
With the Ready ſo flush, as good Wine to afford,
Would ſecretly meet to avoid the Worlds Eye,
That cenſuring Laity might not eſpy;
In *Room* that was private, but firſt they took Care,
Good ſtore to procure of their Darling Red Ware;
A doſen and half of good Flasks they provide,
With Edibles curious, and Plenty beſide,
For *Prieſts* have nice Palates or elſe they're bely'd:
Too much you'll imagine ſix Bottles a piece,
But Faith Sir, believe me, they'll do it with Eaſe;
Three's enough for a Layman, but a Divine
Will eaſily diſpence with ſix bottles of Wine;

For he that drinks moſt will be ſure to inherit,
Of all the dull Tribe the beſt Portion of Spirit!
Time pleaſantly paſſes, they're merry and free,
Good ſanctify'd Men, for the World did not ſee.

Nay the poor Country *Levite*, whoſe 20 Pound yearly,
Could no higher ſtretch than Infuſion of *Barley*;
In ſome little Ale-houſe he never would fail,
To ſoak divine Carcaſs in Nappy brown Ale;
Contentedly ſwallowing his vile Muddy Liquor,
Till changing his Station, he riſes to better;
And now the true Reaſon is found out at laſt,
Why the *Rabbins* full Sides grow ſo gracefully faſt;
When his own very *Curates* ſo lean you would ſwear,
He was fed by the *Tythes* of the fat *Drs.* Prayer,
Or like the *Cameleon* he liv'd upon air;
Cram him with a Living as large as the reſt,
He'll ſoon make as Jolly a *Prieſt* as the beſt;
Their *Paunches* and *Tythes* grow in Conſort together,
As one does encreaſe, ſo encreaſes the other.

Hilkiah, whom *Iſraelite Annals* do place
'Mongſt the Reverend Heads of the ſanctify'd Race.

D^r. Burnet
Bp. of Salisb.

For Eloquence fam'd, for his Learning was prais'd,
But his Wit above all lasting Lawrels had rais'd;
Because 'tis a Plant very rarely is found
To grow upon barren *Levitical* Ground;
Yet this famous *Rabbin* is left on Record,
As suspected to live without fear of the *Lord*;
Tho' the *Jews* for his Wit did him so much adore,
It was whisper'd about that he both drank and swore;
Nay, 'twas shrewdly suspected too that he did—more.

Jehazel, another *Rabbinical* Chief,
Fam'd for grave Aspect, and Sanctity of Life;
But powerful Int'rest so strongly was mixt,
That the *Priest* from his pious Resolves it unfixt,
His *Jehu*-like furious desire to be Great,
To the *Hebrews* betray'd his Devotion a Cheat.

Nor must *Rabbi Joram* escape being nam'd,
Thro' all their Records for his Avarice fam'd,
So publickly known to be guilty, the Poor
Set a Mark (that they might not lose time) at his door;
So in Places of Danger, a *Beacon*'s rais'd high,
To give Notice to Sailors they must not come nigh,
But keep as far off as they can, and pass by.

Their *Magiſtrates* too, as their Hiſtories ſay,
Were found with the *Levites* to walk the wrong Way;
And thoſe were inveſted with Power immenſe,
Cou'd boaſt of poſſeſſing moſt Riches, not Senſe;
Their *Judges* took *Bribes*, and perverted the *Laws*,
He that gave the moſt *Money* ne're fail'd of the *Cauſe*;
For Right to the Wealthy does always belong,
To be poor is demonſtrative Proof to be wrong;
Forma Pauperis never recovers the Land,
Bad Latin, how ſhould the wiſe Judge underſtand?
Abiezer would ſit all the Morning on Bench,
And in Ev'ning was found to be ſmuggling a Wench;
Tho' the Power had left him a long time ago,
And Wiſhing and Kiſſing are all he can do.
So ſwift-footed *Ringwood*, that in the fair Chace,
Was ever the Leader, and ne're fail'd the Race;
And Fleet as the Winds, having run down his Foe,
With a Courage undaunted he ſeizes him too;
Tho' worn out with Age, yet he ſtill loves the Park,
And unable to ſtand, he'll lye down and bark.

When the News of hard *Laws*, and ſevere *Reformation*,
Was firſt nois'd about through the *Iſraelite* Nation,

The Toper so scar'd, with Affright he turn'd pale,
And the blustring Courage of Swearer did fail;
Pretty Miss, who with Pleasure takes pains for her Bread,
At the hated Report, was most dismally 'fraid,
Lest the ill-natur'd *Laws* should have ruin'd her Trade;
But their Fears were all vain, for the very *Law-makers*,
In an Instant of time, were converted to Breakers;
For rising from *Hall*, where they gravely had been,
Seven hours declaiming 'gainst *Satan* and *Sin*,
They parted, and each took a several way,
Some Gaming, some Drinking, and some to the Play.

Dull *Elaham* swills till he's almost dead drunk,
Then staggering, reels to some nasty Clap Punk,

Pert *Azel* at Gaming sits up the whole Night,
He has nothing to live by, but what he gets by't;
With these many more might be nam'd, but my *Muse*,
For their Quality's sake, does the Office refuse.

Thus by their *Example* encourag'd in Ill,
The rest of the People remain'd wicked still:

Their *Statutes* and *Laws* had no Power or Force,
For the *Hebrews* inſtead of Reforming, grew worſe;
And ev'ry one follow'd his own Inclination,
Sin ſtill reign'd triumphant and kept in the Faſhion,
In ſpight of the Cry of a ſtrict *Reformation*;
As ſoon as the *Statutes* were made, they were broke,
And the *Penalties* all flew away in a Smoke.

So when upon the Beach I've ſafely ſtood,
Viewing the Surges of the curling Flood,
I've ſeen the lofty Billows roaring, riſe
With foaming Tops, and daſh'd the frighted Skies;
Look but one Minute hence, the threatning Wave is gone,
And to a ſilent Bubble turn'd, unheeded glides along.

F I N I S.